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BITS AND BANTERS

B I T S
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B A N T E R S

BY
RUBY GALBRAITH ALLEN



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TO
M Y M O T H E R

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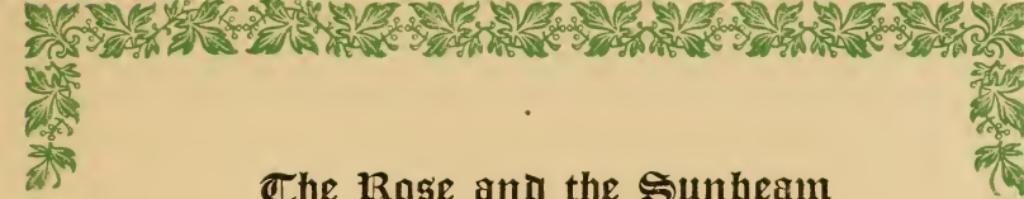
To Mother

Aphorisms



BITS AND BANTERS



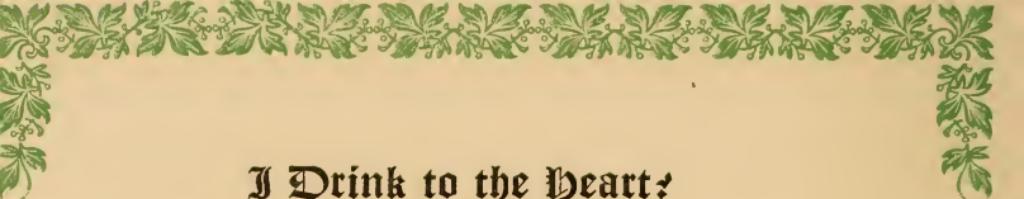


The Rose and the Sunbeam

A rose fell in love with a sunbeam
Who had smiled upon her for days;
Her petals were arms that she opened
To keep him with her always.
But soon he began to neglect her;
Hid in the shadows apart,
She drooped and she cried,
For the sunbeam she sighed,
And then died of the love in her heart.

But later the sunbeam came gleaming,
Handsome as he was before,
Glancing where roses lay dreaming,
But one little rose was no more.
Had the little rose known that shadows
Are lessons sent down from above
She would not have sighed,
But instead would have tried
To have lived, and not died, for love.





I Drink to the Heart:

I drink to the stars that were meant for the night,
I drink to the sun that was meant to give light,
I drink to the love that is ever divine,
I drink to the heart that was meant to be mine!





My Golden Butterfly

My Golden Butterfly, so often now I sigh
With regret, when I'd forget
The day you first came by—
I tried to break your pretty wing,
I tried to catch you, pretty thing,
To satisfy Love's sudden cry,
My Golden Butterfly!

It was my heart's desire to see your bright wings tire,
My passion grew, I never knew
My heart could feel such fire.
You fluttered, then lay still in death,
The sad sight chilled my very breath;
Love said goodbye—you chose to die,
My Golden Butterfly!





The man who tells he has loved but once, admits to
all he's but a dunce.



You Can Win If You Wait

When you're feeling disheartened, discouraged all through;

When there's no one around to reason with you;
When the sun in the sky has forgotten to shine;

When you've prayed to the Lord that He send you a sign;

When the roadway ahead seems too long and too rough;

When you're fain to admit you have had quite enough,

Turn the laugh on despair by the cheer of your smile—
You can win if you wait—so hold on for a while!

When you climb up the hills that are rocky and steep;

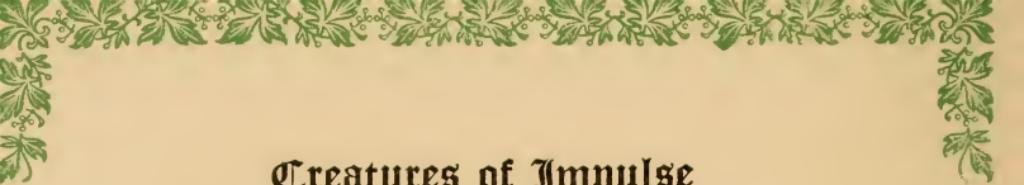
When fatigue and exhaustion compel you to creep;
When you come to a comrade who turns to go back,

Let him by, but keep on with the upleading track;
When around every precipice slowly you wind;

When you seem to stand still, keep this fact in your mind:

When you've come to the summit, you'll say with a smile—

“It's the fighting the fight that makes winning worth while!”



Creatures of Impulse

We are creatures born of impulse,
We are swayed by touch or glance;
As the wind will blow leaves to and fro,
We are blown about by chance.



The Story of the Chrysanthemum

A chrysanthemum sat on my window,
So stately and tall and strong,
And day after day as I watched it there,
I wondered it lived so long.

Then a breath of a breeze touched it gently
Though all in the room was still,
And its golden petals by one and one
Went over the window-sill.

And I thought how the beautiful sunshine
Had nourished it day by day
That a wandering breeze might one day come
To lure its petals away.

As I gazed on the stalk, so tall and strong
Though robbed by the vagrant air,
I wondered what judgment the stalk might pass
On the petals, frail and fair.

'Tis the tender thing, with its feelings fine,
That is wooed and won by guile,
While the never-tempted and always strong
Will ever live on to smile.



If advice were
food, we would all
die of indigestion.





Life and Love

AN ALLEGORY

Where the sunshine played on the seashore
Life sat and fell asleep,
Till a presence cried in her ear, "Awake!"
And she woke from her slumber deep.

And there stood—Love, with his strange
dark eyes;
Of that meeting was born First Joy.
He never spoke, but laughed and played—
Their hearts his toys to destroy.

So when Love and Life let time slip by,
It happened somehow one day
That while they both lay down to sleep,
Their First Joy ran away.

When they awoke and found him gone,
Alone, their eyes so sad
Beheld a tiny stranger there
Who tried to make them glad.



He gave a hand to each of them,
Drew close as they journeyed on,
And when Love was weary or Life was sad,
They had him to lean upon.

When Life on sharp stones cut her feet,
He would kiss the wounds away,
O'er hottest sands when Love grew faint,
Brought water every day.

When they passed through dark drear places
And their hands would freeze with cold,
He'd warm them at his beating heart
When their sorrows they'd unfold.

At last they came where Reflection sat
With her elbow on her knee:
'Tis she who steals light from the past
To shed on tranquillity.

They cried out, "Wise One, tell us
Where our radiant Joy has gone!
How did we sin to lose him?
Shall we find him as we go on?"

“Would you give up what’s beside you now,”
The wise old woman said,
“For the Joy you knew so long ago,
You both had thought was dead?”

And Life and Love both wondered
Who’d warm each freezing heart;
At last they cried, “Though we’d find our Joy,
From this we cannot part!”

Reflection answered, “Fools and blind,
What you once had, you have now,
But when roads grow rough and days grow long,
You forget to see, I vow.

“Then comes the time when you would ask,
‘Where can our First Joy be?’
When he walks beside you, changed in name
From Joy to Sympathy!”

(Versified from the story, “The Lost Joy,” by Olive Schreiner.)

A woman's sincerity is as dangerous to a man's happiness as her insincerity.



Convention

With money and power to loom up like a tower,
We are slaves to the whims of all others;
We worry and fret in and out of our set,
So it's been with our fathers and mothers.

The comfort we'd know if Convention, our foe,
Wouldn't check every impulse and curb us,
Would brighten our work and distrust wouldn't lurk
In our hearts and our minds to disturb us.

Could we clothe all we do in frankness all through,
The best that is in us we'd give;
But conventional rules make the best of us fools
And the slaves of deceit while we live.





I Know Not What Great Love May Be

I know not what great love may be,
But somehow I divine
It's that which fills my heart with thrills
When your eyes look in mine.



God's Presence

In the desert alone I lay one night
The earth my pillow, the stars my light;
White like the snow was the burning sand,
And I felt God's presence close at hand.

He came so near me, a restful sleep
Came to me when I'd thought to weep;
I grew at last to understand
What brings God's presence close at hand.





Love will
recognize no
Happy Medium.



If Only:

If we only could, just you and I,
Find the one great reason why
A love, a friendship so supreme,
Must some day end just like a dream!

If we only could but touch the stars!
If hearts could only break their bars!
If we could somehow change the past,
Why, then, perhaps our dream might last!



Here's to Your Eyes?

Here's to your eyes that somehow surmise
 Something I'd tell, that's true;
And here's that no part of your dear little heart
 Will regret that it's love for you!





I Dreamed I Sought You

I dreamed last night of a world so fair,
Where green, the Earth laid her carpets rare
Roses and violets everywhere—
But I was searching for you!

The summer sunshine had slain the night
And birdlings sang to their heart's delight,
Nymphs in their beauty beguiled the sight—
But I was searching for you!

From Paradise then my chains I broke,
I saw you, dear one, when I awoke,
I kissed your lips, but no word I spoke,
I knew *why* I'd searched for you.





Never tell
what you
wouldn't believe.



Love Has No Reason Why

(SONG)

Sometimes I wonder why
Love should come to such as I,
When I've laughed to scorn
My heart forlorn,
When 'twould plead and beg that love be
born.
And when dreams would come my way,
I'd never let them stay,
No romance, by any chance,
But now I have to say:

With the clasp of your hand,
With the touch of your lips,
With grace from your toes
To your finger-tips;
With a perfume divine
That confuses the mind,
With a power to make me want you for mine.

With alluring sweet smiles,
I bow to your wiles,
Content just to live or die;
Love has no reason,
Love has no season,
Love has no reason why.

I never dreamed or knew
What love could really do.
The world to me now seems to be
A prison—set my poor heart free!
The deep blue of the sky
Seems bluer to my eye;
The flowers grow,
They seem to know
That you're the reason why.



Here's to Marriage!

Here's to marriage—that bond supreme
That has power to waken us out of a dream!

If the dream be of heaven,
If the dream be of hell,
Father Time alone can tell!



A Strange Old World

It's a strange old world with its broken
hopes,
Its broken hearts and sorrows;
Where the interest rate
Is all too great
For the little joys it borrows.

It's a strange old world where we work for
food,
For the very beds we sleep in;
Though we have the best,
A great unrest
Some day will surely creep in.

It's a strange old world, with its many types,
Its vices and temptations;
With its Winter drear,
And its Summer cheer,
And its many queer creations.

It's a strange old world, full of strange old
folks

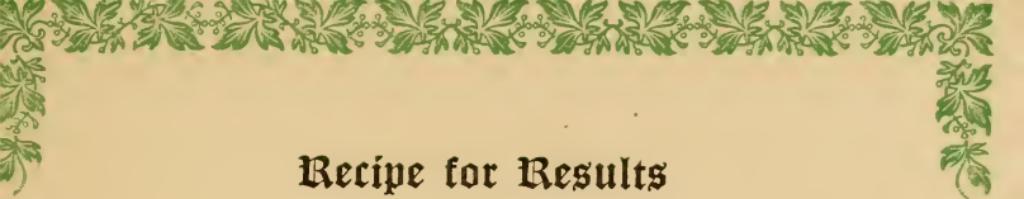
Who cling to this mundane sphere,
Though one more morrow
Means one more sorrow
To add to the dying year.





New clothes
bring a woman
new smiles.





Recipe for Results

If you try to make each one believe
 You're as happy as can be,
You'll gain respect, that will reflect
 Through the whole community ;
But if you ever seem to sigh
 Or seek to tell your woes,
The things you want you'll never get,
 Just why—nobody knows !



Misfortune

If you ever need help and you really are down,
 You will find it's a cold world at best;
When your heart begs a smile,
Ten to one all the while
 Your pride will be put to the test.

When your clothes tell the tale your lips seek to
 hide,
The respect you try hard to command
Is all lost to view,
The joke is on you,
 You're compelled to lay down your hand.

Sign posts to success are too few indeed;
 The wrong road is too easy to find;
And people won't try
To figure out why
 When fortune to them has been kind.

There are few who have sinned for the love of a
 sin,
We are creatures of circumstance;
If each one had the might
Just to always do right,
 How few wouldn't jump at the chance!

'Twere well to remember and weigh all our
thoughts

When judging another soul's case;
There's a spot on the Sun,
So what earthly one
Dares laugh in Misfortune's face?





Some people
are too ignorant
to be unhappy.



Till the Soul Is Born

The one who is told he can't live but must die
 Seems somehow resigned, never ready to cry.
Not so his dear ones, who pray he may live;
 If 'twould keep life the longer, their Heart's blood
 they'd give.

To the one passing out, though vague it may be,
 Something peaceful and restful, like the calm of the
 sea
Must make itself clear to the soul on its way,
 Though it comes without voice to the body of clay.

If death calls your mother or baby of two,
 There's a feeling that God's been unkind to you.
We forget that He made us and sent us to earth
 And we're His to take back from the day of our
 birth.

The most of our grief is but selfish at best;
 We mourn more for ourselves than the dear ones at
 rest.
For we know how we'll miss the touch of a hand—
 Just why they are called we cannot understand.

There's something within wants to keep, have and hold,
If it's ours in the flesh or ours in the gold.
We seek ever for happiness till our bodies are worn,
But seek ever in vain till the soul is born.





A Triple Toast

To health, to wealth, and then to love,
I drink this toast; though few,
Beneath the sun, find more than one.
But here's all three to you!



Reflections of a Show Girl

There are many things I would write about
If they could be colored with truth:
I'd tell of the man of fifty,
And I'd tell of the callow youth.

I'd tell of the love they believe they feel
When you're looking your very best,
I'd tell of the foolish things they say—
How you're so diff'rent from all the rest.

It's amusing to hear them warn you
Of the man who may not play fair;
They take it they're the only ones
Who play the game on the square.

When you tell them how you are trying
To live, to exist, and do right,
They insist that you need affection
To make everything look bright.

You don't even dare speak of money,
It is thought to be commonplace;
It somehow gets on the nerves of a man
And can seldom be done with grace.

So while you worry your brains away,
Over bills that are coming due,
You get invitations to parties and balls
That mean only late hours for you.

You're supposed to have clothes of the latest cut,
It's understood you should always look right,
And to prove how much they care for you,
They wine you and dine you all night.

When in the end they try to make love,
As they never forget to do,
And find no response awaiting them,
They wonder what's wrong with you.

If you're cold or you're not quite human?
If you love some other too well?
If you fear you'll be misunderstood?
Or is it—because they might tell?

And they wonder at a lot of things,
When they should have known at the start
If your head were free from worries,
Perhaps you might think of your heart!



Never feel so encouraged that you will be surprised
at disappointment.

Reflections of a Man About Town

It can well be said in words that are few
That the man about town has a version too:
It has ever been known since the world began
It is woman's delight to tempt mere man.

With skirts cut short, with shoulders bare,
With lips made red, with perfumed hair,
She fans the flame, though surprised at the fire
She kindles, that brings out mad desire.

There's the girl you meet at the midnight hour
Who will smoke and will drink a whiskey sour,
Who will take offense if you misunderstand—
If you ask for a kiss, or you squeeze her hand.

If a woman would give when she's willing to take,
If she only would live by the laws she would make,
In life's little drama, she'd play the star part
And rule every man by a sweet simple heart.



The Seed of Inspiration

Plant in the mind inspiring thoughts
And beautiful flowers will bloom
Till your garden so fair
Will scent all the air
With its sweet and its rare perfume.





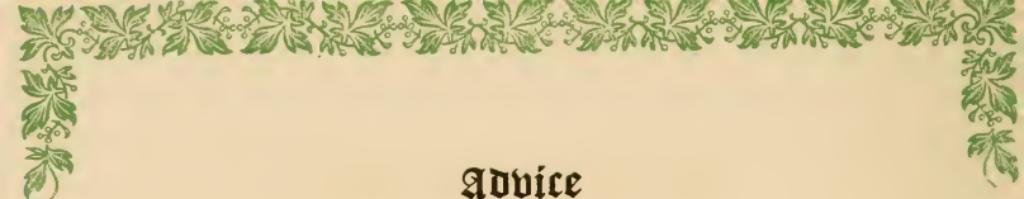
In a Little Café

Did you ever come home from a café's bright light
With eyes tired but wakeful, and think in the night
Of the voices, the faces, the music, the dance—
The illusion they give at a first little glance?

Ever read behind eyes that looked into your own
The things people mean to keep always unknown?
Ever feel what they felt as they drank to forget
And spent to their future and certain regret?

Ever think of the games that are played as we dine?
While we taste of our food, while we sip at our wine?
While we chatter of love or of business each day?
Of the heartaches we hide in a little café?





Advice

Look your best and the rest will follow,
Mix as little as you can;
Live with a book and a good plain cook,
And be happier than many a man.



For Your Dear Sake

There are days of the past I will never forget,
There are days of the past I will never regret;
They were spent with you, and how happy, dear heart,
But sad was the day when I found we must part!
In my blindness, of course, I could not know
You loved me not, for I loved you so,
And sometimes I think you were kind to me
To let me live on in my ecstasy,
Though it proved but a dream and I had to wake,
I have been content for your dear sake.

There are times when I long to stroke your hair
As I did when I thought you used to care;
I remember how sometimes you sighed
Although, dear heart, you so often tried
To smile, when your heart was weary and sad
That I might always think you were glad;
So you know why I only think kindly of you
When I look back and know what you must have
gone through,
And when I've thought my heart must break,
I've been content for your dear sake.



Many a plot
has been spoiled
by a kiss.



Dear One

Dear One, why should you hear me?

I have only love to give;
With thoughts of you to cheer me,
I've been satisfied to live.

Dear One, by sleep forsaken,
In my fancy, through the night
My toll of love I've taken
And your lips were mine by right.

Dear One, when you discover,
My Maker up above
Will have claimed me from a fate unkind
That gave you—my heart, my soul, my
love!





Toast to a Flirt

Here's to the flirt who'd have you believe
That you alone she would never deceive;
Here's hoping some day when she cheats at the game
She'll lose her heart and not try it again!



Thoughts of You

I feed my soul on thoughts of you
Until all else is lost to view.
Each thought just like the bright sunlight
Comes to me in darkest night;
The very breeze that blows, I vow,
Breathes kisses on my fevered brow—
Each rain-drop like a tiny tear
Mourns your loss with me, my dear!



I Am Dreaming a Dream of Love

I am dreaming of love, I am dreaming of thee,
I am dreaming of life as it all should be,
Of joys divine, had you been mine,
I am dreaming a dream of love!

I'm dreaming of love and, dear, you see
I may always dream on and long for thee;
Since deep in my heart, as a thing apart,
I am dreaming a dream of love!



Love's Ghost

Here's to the days of the pleasant past!

And here's to the love that we thought must last!
And here's to the spirit that lets us toast
In new-found friendship, Love's pale ghost!



Live and Let Live

It's all right to be optimistic
When things go right the while;
It's pleasant to feel you have friends who are
real—
Who haven't deceived with a smile.

It's great to believe the world is good,
Hold to that thought each day,
If Fate has been kind and has not let you find
How frail is humanity's clay.

It's splendid to keep even tempered,
And never wear even a frown,
If all the day long not a thing has gone wrong
And your spirit's not all trampled down.

It's fine to believe in New Thought creeds,
Let your mind just govern your will,
If you were not born to suffer forlorn
Some other's inherited ill.

It's best not to be mercenary,
Not measure each thing by its worth,
If you're sure you can pay your bills every day
And you have everything on earth.

* * * * *

To the man who has lived not enough to know,
This advice I would gladly give:
Tell no one by the how or the why;
Each one has his life to live.



The adage old, "To err is human,"
Is man's defence to trusting woman.



The Pessimist

I'm tired of life, I'm tired of living;
Tired of taking, tired of giving;
Tired of asking the reason why
We sorrow through life until we die.

You may live in this world
A short while or long,
And though things may start right,
They somehow end wrong.

It's your health or your wealth,
Your friends or your foes;
The heartache you suffer
When nobody knows;

A fear for your future;
Regret for your past;
A hope that some happiness
Somehow may last;

A thought for some dear one
To whom you can't give;
A prayer for new courage
To fight while you live.

A long wait for success
Which may come bye and bye,
When you're weary and old
And it's just time to die.



One Point of View

No one wants to listen to your troubles,
No one wants to know that you feel blue;
It's only when you're smiling and you're happy
That everyone is glad to talk with you.
Your friends will come to life like wine that bubbles,
If Fortune smiles, you'll always get your due,
But your trouble always doubles
When you start to tell your troubles,
So keep your health and wealth—it's up to you!





Be Good to Yourself

Be good to yourself, take care of yourself,
In this world you will find there are few
Who won't take the best and leave you the rest,
'Tis the way of the world so to do.

There's many a man who will whisper each day
Of love and your eyes so blue,
But try him tomorrow—try him to borrow,
And you'll see how he cares for you!





A woman may look ever so much when she means
ever so little.





Unknown Love

(SONG)

Let me know love for one short hour,
Let me die when that hour is done,
Let me feel, let me know its power,
Let me bask in the warmth of its Sun ;
Let sorrow come to me if need be,
Let regret cause me ever to sigh,
Let me waken from sleep
Though I waken to weep—
Let me love before I die !





A Little Ray of Gladness

A little ray of gladness crept in my heart one day,
Caused all my little sorrows to quickly fade away,
Doubt and disappointment could nevermore hold sway;
That little ray of gladness has come always to stay.



The Test

When you've battered out an existence,
 Been brave when storms were near,
Been resigned without resistance,
 Concealing the pent-up tear ;
When you've shown what you are made of,
 Been willing to help and give ;
When from sorrows you've known
 Seeds of kindness have grown,
Then at last you are fit to live.



The fool who says nothing may be thought very wise,
While the one who talks loudest burns his fish while it
fries.





Flowers

A flower that once bloomed in my heart
Has died, and I would know
Why night must end a summer day,
And soon must fall the snow.

Why, when cold Winter chills a heart,
Its soil can bear anew,
When laid to rest, each petal's pressed
With tears for morning dew.

For the violet dead there comes instead
A rose, to tempt, to please ;
And the heart so sad is again made glad,
While the rose perfumes the breeze.

And when the rose just somehow goes,
A fragile lily shy
Will come to live, will come to give
I would I knew but why !





When you grow content to live, you will be resigned
to die.





To Mother:

Let each drink a toast to his mother—a toast!

For of all in the world we should love her the most;
For husbands and wives may kick over the traces,

Our friends and our sweethearts may harden their
faces,

And even our children may break with the past,

But mothers—God bless them!—will stick to the last;
Then here's to our mothers—your mother—my
mother—

You drink to the one and I'll drink to the other,
The first of our sweethearts whose love never ends,

The staunchest of comrades, the firmest of friends;
Then here's to the one whom we all love the most—

Your mother—my mother—our mothers—a toast!







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